HOTEL DU RÉGENT

16, Rue de Trévise
PARIS

Aug 16. 1895.

Dear Grace.

I returned today from Paris to be greeted by your kind letter of July 31 which was mailed Aug 2. the day to the dot I wrote you last, so I am not so awfully bad, as long as they do not quarrell as they pass in midocean.

I have a choice lot of experiences to tell of my exploits of the past sixteen days, — Holland, Belguim, Prussia, Switzerland and France. It has widened my ideas of real foreign travel wonderfully, for the striking contrast of the slow and contented Hollander with his wooden shoes, canals and

midmills to be comp. and with
the twinkling Eyed, flashy,
treacherous wine soaked Frenchman,
also the Belgian filled with the
atmosphere of Waterloo and all
other warlike enterprises, compared
with the unique, self governed,
and contented obedient, Swiss.
Oh 'tis a joy to float among
the natives and blat my Dutch
and learn a little French and
Flemish. Then the history is
so picturesque in many places
it is unavoidable and I am
really getting so I can talk
about Napoleon I st and III rd.
all the Louis's and
Jean de les Et altera.
But without doubt the

French are the most enthusiastic modern historians and their methods of recording history so all, old & young, can understand, is by graphically appealing to the Eye thro, miles of government galleries, open free to all at all seasonable times. The paintings seem almost able to speak or yell in many instances. My stay in Paris and Versailles was very pleasant as I was with old Oberlin College friends who made all as pleasant as possible for me, and Mr. Squire and I did what I know you would approve of, — He took me to the Grand Opera of Paris to hear Otello and I took him the second night following to hear Lohengrin! —

4 Now you will not say I missed every thing while over here I am sure. The building is the largest and finest Opera house in the world and if you were here I could talk opera the rest of the evening. I shall save the cost to show you. Now I have at last put my feet in the puddle by writing your dear Ethel Howe a sweet little note, enclosing your letter of introduction and asking if I may call on Monday evening next at Matlock? I shall know my fate tomorrow evening. What do you actually think? Am I safe here with a choice assortment of fly hooks for all the speckled trout!! Not in the world, I tell every one I have "Iron Clad" they don't know what it means, and neither do I, so I have fun with my own ignorance — But fancy, you were at a dance in a barn and I was yesterday at a French picnic at St. Cloud about an hour out from Paris. A jolly time I will assure you, but I crowded the

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5.

Channell on top of it all at midnight last night from Dieppe to New Haven. Still hold an undefiled Stamani record, tis a joy I assure you. —

But it is hard to tell London good bye within a few more hours and I have not seen a single one of all your Churchill and Buzzard friends here. I simply was filled with my plans for sight seeing, Sessions of the medical congress and other London friends. — Had I been lonesome I certainly should have looked them up

I trust your plans will come out just right in regard to your future Study in New York or Elsewhere.

You giddy girls going to the "Nat" must have a deal of Sport.

I bet Betsie Humphrey was married to my old Sagan bush Chum, Edwin Johnston (?) Has cupid turned his arrows in other directions?

Oh I am too happy tonight to write a sensible letter so will say good night, 'Tis Striking ten and a Cook oo-oo!

Sincerely,

Clarence E. Hemingway.

P.S. — I sail on Aug 30. — from Glasgow on State Nebraska Allan Line, so do not write anything more after you receive this, because it will only come back to Uncle Sam's own good country. —

C.E.H.

Do not worry about the Cholera and Small pox that the papers are reporting here and in Paris. — None except an occasional stray case and I have kept far from all contgious diseases all Summer — C.E.H.

Miss Grace Hall,
439 N. O.P. Ave.
Oak Park.
U.S.A. Ill.

Williams Temperance Hotel,
2, Montague Street,
Russell Square,
London. W.C.